Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 25. WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1869. NO. 41

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

ENGELHARD & PRICE, Proprietors,

To whom all Letters on Business must be addressed.

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$50 REWARD.

STOLEN FROM THE SUBSCRIBER NEAR Duplin Road, on the night of the 5th instant, A Gray Sway-back Mare, 12 years old—a little over medium size, left eye blind, and holds a high head.

I will pay the above Reward of Fifty Dollars for the return of said Mare, or for information that will lead to her recovery.

SAMUEL SOUTHERLAND, Wallace P. O., N. C.

nov 12 39-w2t*

State of North Carolina,
CARTERET COUNTY.
SUPERIOR COURT.
Hannah L. BELL, Plaintiff.
against
William A. Thomas and James M. Holmes, Dft's

IN THIS ACTION, it appearing from the affidavit of the plaintiff, that the defendants, William A. Thomas and James M. Holmes, cannot, after due diligence, be found within the limits of this State, and that a cause of action exists against said defendants: it is ordered that publication be made for six weeks successively in the Wilmington Journal, a newspaper published in the city of Wilmington, N. C., notifying the said defendants that they are summoned to appear before His Honor, the Judge of the Superior Court of Carteret county, at the Court House in Beaufort, on the 9th Monday after the 4th Monday of September, 1869, then and there to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, as on failure to answer the same, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Witness, James Rumley, Clerk of the Superior Court of Carteret county, at Beaufort, the 4th day of October, 1869.

JAS. RUMLEY, C. S. C.

oct 15 36-6w*

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the next session of the General Assembly for an act incorporating the *Navassa Guano Company of Wilmington*.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 3, 1869.

nov 3— 32-1wd-3tw

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father in this city, on the evening of the 11th instant, by Rev. George Patterson, Capt. JAMES I. METTS and Miss CORNELIA FROTHINGHAM, daughter of Col. R. H. Cowan.

In Calvary Church, Tarborough, on the evening of the 10th inst., by Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Mr. C. M. WESSON, of Northampton, and Miss CARRIE M. DANCY, of Edgecombe.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 10th, by the Rev. Dr. A. A. Watson, Mr. ROBERT E. CALDER to ATHALIA, daughter of E. A. Keith, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. George Patterson, Dr. WILLIAM J. H. BELLAMY to Miss MARY, daughter of Daniel L. Russell, Sr., Esq., all of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Edward Hall, ROBINSON MURPHY, Esq., to Miss MARGARET HODGES, all of Sampson.

DIED.

In this city, on the 11th instant, A. J. RADCLIFF, aged 49 years.

STATE NEWS

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.—There was offered in our market yesterday, a lot of very fine pork—about 1,000 pounds—which is the first of the season, in any quantity, for thirteen cents per pound, the price being above what is thought a fair valuation. We think twelve cents will be the ruling figure for pork this winter.
Raleigh *Standard*.

COL. C. L. HARRIS, Superintendent of Public Works, with his efficient clerk, Mr. Thomas Hampton, has just been on a tour of inspection over the North Carolina Railroad and the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad; and we understand he is well pleased with the admirable condition in which he found the road bed, bridges and drains of the two roads.—Other roads in the State are soon to be visited by these gentlemen.
Raleigh *Standard*.

ANOTHER COUNTY MOVING.—We notice in the Charlotte Democrat, a call for a meeting of the farmers and other citizens of Mecklenburg county, to be held in Charlotte on the 23d of this month, for the purpose of organizing a County Agricultural Society, and to take initiatory steps for a Fair next autumn. We hail with pleasure this good move on the part of our Mecklenburg neighbors, and wish them full success. The example is a good one to be followed by other counties, or combination of counties throughout the State.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A neighbor of ours, who uses anthracite coal for fuel, had filled his grate, one evening recently, and placed himself in his easy chair before it, to enjoy a cosy evening with wife and little ones, when he was startled by an explosion in the grate altogether strange and unaccountable. Investigation showed that the explosion was caused by some curious mineralogical combination in a lump of the burning coal, which had bursted on being heated, and what is most singular, a quantity of melted lead, at least two ounces, ran out from the coal lump to the hearth beneath the grate. After the explosion, the lump of coal went rapidly into decomposition, assuming a yellowish, dirty color.

We leave the question of how the lead got in the lump of coal, and what produced the explosion, to Professor Kerr and the *quid nuncs*.—Raleigh *Sentinel*.

THEATRE.—The Ford Comedians were greeted last night with a larger audience than on any previous night. The performers acquitted themselves well, "suiting the action to the word," without rant, and without "tearing the passion to tatters, to very rags." So truly was the sound consonant to the sense as to win the approbation and applause of the more judicious portion of the audience, while the comic passages were so inimitably rendered as to wreathe with smiles the most crab-apple countenance in the house.

On Friday night Miss Alexander, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Old North State, takes a benefit, appearing as Lady Linden, in Byron's new and popular Drama, BLOW FOR BLOW.—Let State pride, as well as a proper appreciation of virtue and talent, combine to make the occasion one worthy of the city and of the recipient.—Ral. *Sentinel*.

The citizens of Chapel Hill and the U. S. soldiers are said to be getting on finely. They harmonize much better than the citizens and the Governor's Colonel, Guthrie and his sneaking detective, Huskey. We heard a citizen of the place say they would be glad to have the garrison increased by a few more companies, as they are, generally, jolly good fellows, and give something like life to the place.
Raleigh *Sentinel*.

DELEGATES TO THE WILMINGTON FAIR.—We learn that Hon. R. W. Best, of Raleigh, Dr. E. A. Crudup, of Franklin, and Gen. G. W. Lewis, of Edgecombe. have been appointed delegates from the N. C. Agricultural Society to the Fair of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association, which is to be held in Wilmington next week.
Ral. Sentinel.

THE HORSE FAIR.—We learn there are a number of persons from a distance expected to visit the Horse Fair here on the 17th and 18th inst. Everything has been arranged to render the occasion pleasant to visitors to the grounds.—Raleigh *Sentinel*.

SHOOTING AFFAIR.—A sailor named Marcus Jones, was shot in a bagnio, in the upper part of the city yesterday afternoon, the wound inflicted being severe if not serious. A pistol was the weapon used. The shooting was accidental.—Newberne *Jour. of Commerce*.

HOUSE BREAKING.—The residence of one of the A. & N. C. R. R Engineers, Mr. C. J. Bryan on Pollok street was broken open Wednesday night and thoroughly ransacked. The thief or thieves stole a pair of boots and left watch and money together with other valuables unmolested.—Newbern *Jour. of Commerce*.

A WESTERN FAIR.—We see that the Charlotte papers, with their usual enterprise, are urging the holding of an Agricultural Fair in their city next year. We hope the Fair will be held, but we think Salisbury is the most eligible point. Being situated at the junction of the N. C. and W. N. C. Railroads, it is certainly more accessible to all parts of the West than Charlotte. But if we cannot get it at Salisbury, then we are for Charlotte.
Salisbury *Old North State*.

DAMPIER AGAIN OPERATING.—On Monday night last Mr. Dempsey Sorrell of this county had his mare stolen, and on Tuesday night Mr. Solomon King, residing in the same neighborhood, lost a horse from his stable. Suspicion pointed to the notorious horse thief, Eli Dampier, as the person who had taken them, and Mr. Sydney Bryant of this city, aided and accompanied by Mr. Tonnoffski and others, went in pursuit. Both the animals were recovered, but the thief Dampier, escaped in the darkness of the night.

On yesterday, the matter, we learn, was brought before Justices Adams and Harrison of this city, who, upon proper affidavits, issued a writ of outlawry against Eli Dampier, whose acts have rendered him notorious throughout this and adjoining counties.—Raleigh *Sentinel*.

DAMPIER CAUGHT.—Horse stealing has been the excitement in the country around Raleigh for several days past. The rogue was known, but escaped until yesterday getting in the hands of the law. Mr. Blanchard, 14 miles south of Raleigh, lost a horse on Wednesday night, got on the track and pursued him towards Harnet and overtook him yesterday, in the possession of the indefatigable Eli Dampier, who attempted to escape by running into a swamp, got stuck in the mud and was captured. He was brought to Raleigh yesterday and regularly committed to jail to await a trial at next Court for horse stealing in three or four cases.
Raleigh *Sentinel*.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—At a meeting of the members of the Bar of Halifax Superior Court, on the 9th day of November, 1869, on motion, the Honorable B. F. Moore was called to the Chair, and John T. Gregory requested to act as Secretary.

Mr. Conigland arose, and in a few touching remarks announced the death of Col. W. A. Jenkins, and requested the Chairman to appoint a committee of three, to present to the meeting appropriate resolutions on the occasion; whereupon, the Chairman appointed Edward Conigland, J. B. Batchelor and Gen. M. W. Ransom.

The committee, through Mr. Conigland, offered the following, to wit:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove suddenly from among us Col. William A. Jenkins, late a member of the Bar; therefore, it is

Resolved, That the high position which the deceased had obtained at the Bar, in official statue, and in the estimation of his fellow citizens, renders public notice of his death, on the part of his late associates, eminently fit and proper.

Resolved, That the ability, and the many noble traits of character which distinguished the deceased, must cause his death to be regarded as a public loss, and especially to be lamented by his surviving brethren.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to the family of our departed friend and brother in this sad hour of their desolation and bereavement, and in token of our respect for his memory, will wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting be requested to present these resolutions to the Court, and to ask that they be entered on the minutes, and also to cause the same to be published and communicated to the family of the deceased.

Which resolutions were unanimously adopted.

B. F. MOORE, Chairman.
JOHN T. GREGORY, Secretary.

Upon the assembling of the Court, Mr. Moore, in a few feeling remarks, presented the resolutions of the Bar to the Court with the request that they be enrolled on the minutes of the Court.

General Ransom made touching remarks about the deceased, which were listened to with silent attention. His Honor replied in a most appropriate manner to Mr. Moore and Gen. Ransom, and ordered the proceedings to be spread on the records of the Court.—Weldon *News*.

A fisherman of Montereau, France, lately caught a fish, within which was found a breast-pin ornamented with thirty precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires—the whole valued by Paris jewellers at $300,000.

The wages of agricultural laborers vary in different parts of England from eight shillings to eighteen shillings per week.

Thomas Noble is a London clergyman whose height is only one inch more than that of Tom Thump, but who makes up for it in the length of his sermons.

From the Raleigh Sentinel.

CLINTON, N. C. Nov., 6, 1869.

Prof. Solomon Pool, President of the University of N. C.:

DEAR SIR—A few days ago I received from you (I suppose) several newspaper slips from the Raleigh Standard, one of which was an anonymous communication to that paper, purporting to have been written by one who graduated at the University within the last decade of its prosperity, and urging on the white people of the State the duty of supporting the University as it is now organized.

The usually friendly relations existing between you and myself while I was a student at Chapel Hill, and the almost necessary silence on political matters, which pertains to my vocation, may, very naturally, have led you to hope that an appeal to me in behalf of the University would not be vain.

I regret to inform you that I cannot lend my influence directly or indirectly to the building up of any school established or to be established under the auspices of the enemies of North Carolina, whe her imported or native born; and lest you may do me the injustice of supposing me controlled by prejudice, I ask your attention to some of the reasons for my determination.

Before proceeding, however, I will state that I regard it as singularly unfortunate for you that the advocacy of the University is conducted in the columns of the Raleigh Standard. You remember that, in the autumn of 1856, that newspaper first exposed and paraded the fact that Prof. B. S. Hederick was not opposed to the election of a free-soil President, and that its denunciations of Hederick were unmeasured and most unjust; that Hederick prepared an article in his defence which the Standard editor refused to publish, thus showing that he was destitute of the instincts commonly supposed to belong to just and honorable gentlemen; and that Hederick never obtained a hearing except through the columns of a paper published in Wilmington, by Thos. Loring, Esq. Prof. Hederick was driven from the University and from the State, the Standard, all the while, leading in the hue and cry.

The burtality of the Standard in this affair was exceedingly offensive to me (although I was, by education and prejudice uncompromisingly opposed to the election of Fremont,) and its unjustice was so flagrant that I was forced to the belief that its editor was destitute of those moral qualities which are the chief elements of fairness, consistency and reliability.

A man who is cruel to a beast will be cruel to his best friend, if it will serve his selfish purposes.

Now, I am informed, that paper has exceeded the wildest dreams of the Fremont fanatics, and is the champion (not of free-soil—not of universal emancipation—not of negro equality;) *of negro supremacy*; branding those of us who love the North Carolina which our ancestors freed from British oppression, as traitors unworthy of the elective franchise and declaring the negroes, *par excellence*, true and worthy American citizens!

It is unfortunate, I repeat, that a newspaper conducted with so little regard for consistency and fair dealing should be the chief advocate of the University.

In order that I may enable you to understand clearly my reason for declining to join in an effort to restore the University to popular favor, I will begin by stating a few well known facts:

1st. Previous to the ratification of the Federal Constitution by North Carolina she (i. e. her white population) was a free and independent State, and no people on earth possessed the right to molest her or interfere in her affairs.

2d. In ratifying the Federal Constitution our forefathers gave to no State or combination of States the right to deprive her people of the privileges of free citizens, to invade her soil with brutal armies, to burn and destroy the property of their posterity, to murder a part and subject the rest of her population to an outrageous military despotism, to rob us of our substance in the name of taxes to pay the expenses of our own ruin, and to destroy us as a body politic and subject us to the rule of ignorant freedmen and a corrupt faction of her rightful citizens.

3d. In ratifying the Federal Constitution North Carolina gave to no State or combination of States the right to decide for her whether she was being justly dealt with by the other parties to the compact.

4th. The Federal Constitution denies to the Federal Government the exercise of any other powers than those expressly granted.

5th. In violation of their oaths to support the Constitution of the United States, the executive and legislative departments of the government of the Northern (falsely claiming to be the United) States, have denied to us the right to judge our own grievances, to enjoy the freedom won for us by our forefathers, and to live under a government of our own choice; they have invaded our State with hostile armies; they have murdered thousands of our people; they have destroyed millions of our property; they have insulted us and maltreated us with peculiarly offensive garrisons quartered in our midst; they have subjected us to the caprice of an odious and morally infamous despot; they have compelled us to obey as Provisional Governor (an officer not known to the Constitution), a man in whom we had but recently declared, in unmistakable language, a want of confidence; they have taken the management of our affairs out of the hands of the intelligent, honest, patriotic descendants of the framers of our government and given it to ignorant and incompetent negroes and such white people as they have found willing to exchange principle for plunder; they have compelled us to obey laws enacted by strangers and enemies, intended solely for our humiliation; they have enforced among us the collection of most exhorbitant and unjust taxes to pay the expenses of their fiendish crusade and to suuport the corrupt, cruel, incompetent and perjured creatures who wield the powers of government; and all this, for no injury we had done them, but for the simple assertion of our birth right.

6th. By the votes of unconstitutional constituencies, our State with all its interests is now controlled by unworthy and, as a whole, unprincipled, swindling men, or bodies of men, no few of whom are foreign to us in birth and sentiment and hostile to our welfare, having been, in some instances, titled officials in the armies of our most unjust, cruel, and barbarous enemies.

7th. As a part of the work done by the enemies of North Carolina through the needy knaves imported into her borders and the weak or corrupt tools to be found in the State, the University has been put under the control of a Faculty who, the presumption is, are in sympathy with the agents of our ruin.

With these facts before me, and holding that principle is principle, and that right is right, I can never, with my present conviction, give my support to the University as now organized.

But this is not all; I have another reason.

Believing that North Carolina was a free and independent State (bound to the Federal Union only so long as the government of that Union was just to her,) and that she was the only rightful judge of her own grievances, I entered heartily into the war for separation (although I opposed the policy of secession.) I fought through the war as a private soldier, suffering all the hardships of the campaign, defenses and retreats of Bragg, Johnston and Hood. I was severely wounded twice. Two of my brothers were slain in Virginia, and the only remaining one lost the use of his right hand, I had many relatives and friends in the war who were murdered or brutally treated. One cousin was placed by the beastly Yankees under the fire of our own guns at Charleston, and suffered untold horrors, ending in death.

In return for all this patriotic devotion, hardship and suffering, my friends and myself are branded as traitors, and by none more loudly than by the base and illegal officials who placed you at the head of the University. And I am persuaded that the influence of the University will be exerted in the interest of those officials and their supporters, and that the chief objects to be pursued in directing the thoughts and moulding the opinions of the youth who shall be placed under your tuition are:

1st. To instill into their minds false notions of the rights and duties of freemen, and degrading submissiveness to wrong and injustice; and

2nd. To teach them that I and all who feel and have felt as I do, are traitors to our country, and that my brothers died in an unholy cause.

With these views and convictions, I can not assist in restoring the University to popular favor.

Very respectfully,
B. F. GRADY, JR.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR.

There was a tumble-down, deserted look about the entire premises. Taken altogether, it was the last place a hungry and weary traveler would have stopped at; but night was coming on, and the sky threatened a severe storm; so there was no choice. Riding directly up to the door I dismounted, and entered without ceremony. But if the surroundings were uninviting and dismal, how much more within!

An old woman sat in a broken chair on one side of the fire-place; another of about half her age, probably thirty-five, was seated in the other corner; and two children, a girl of about twelve, and a boy about ten years of age, were huddled together on the floor close to her who was evidently their mother, all wearing a pinched and squalid look, a terrified air as if in mortal fear.

"Can I stay here to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, I fancy so," was the hesitating answer of the younger woman, after looking first at me, and then at the old one. "Yes, I fancy so. But there is a house three miles further on, where you'd be better off."

Three miles! The storm would catch me before I had got half the distance.—Hark! You can hear the rain on the roof now.

"I know'd it was going to be a terrible night, for—"

Here she stopped suddenly, and in apparent confusion.

"Would your little boy be kind enough to show me where to put my horse? I would not like to leave him out in the rain."

"Go, Willie, and show the stranger."

"I dursent," was the reply; and the child crept still more closely to his mother, and hid his face in her skirt.

"If you will direct me, I will wait upon myself."

"There is the stable, such as it is," she answered, pointing to the shell I had already noticed; "and if you will look about, you will find some hay and corn. I would go with you myself, but—"

And again she stopped in confusion.

"There is no need of it," I replied.

That there was some mystery connected with the family I was certain. The restrained, terrified manner of all in the house, and the expression of the little boy were enough to convince any one of that. Determined to be on the watch, I returned, and gladly accepted an invitation to the supper which had been prepared.

"I thought you'd be hungry, sir," said the mother.

"Yes, a long ride over yon moors makes one so.

"We haven't much to offer you. But you are welcome to it, such as it is."

The frugal meal of bacon, eggs and brown bread was soon finished, and I took my place in the circle gathered about the hearthstone, and tried to induce conversation. All my attempts, however, were futile. A very short answer was all that I could gain; and, as one and all were constantly looking around as for the coming of some one whom they expected, yet dreaded, I could not refrain from asking "Are you looking for company to-night?"

"No, no, but—"

Still the same confusion, and sudden breaking off.

"Perhaps your husband is—"

"No— oh! no." And she shuddered terribly.

"If there is any one you fear," I continued, "I will protect you." And I displayed my pistol rather ostentatiously.

"It isn't no mortal," mumbled the grandmother, speaking for the first time. "It isn't no mortal; it's spirits."

"Spirits! Pshaw! you are not afraid of spirits!"

"May be you don't know nothing about them, sir?"

I had to confess, not only my ignorance but disbelief, and was attempting to prove logically that such things could not exist, when the storm that had been long gathering, burst in fury, shaking the house to the very foundations.

"There! I told you so!" whispered the old woman. "I knew he was coming."

"He? Who is he?"

I was going to ask again for the father or the children; but the pleading look of the poor woman restrained me. I could not believe her guilty of any crime, and so waited for further developments. And come they did, with a vengeance.

First, the rocking, jarring of the house was renewed, although the storm had lulled for a moment; then a dog appeared to howl directly under the window; then the shutters were slammed, and the doors opened and shut violently; then there was a hollow, mocking laugh in the chimney; and then a thumping directly beneath my chair, as if some one was pounding with a huge sledge.

"Don't sit there, sir! for heaven's sake don't!" gasped the poor mother, drawing herself and children away.

"Why not?"

"It's always on that spot."

"Is there a cellar under the house?"

"No."

I could not understand this. I would have sworn that I had heard a dog, and that the knocking was beneath the floor. But even while I was thinking of it, my chair was shaken so violently that I could hardly keep my seat, hold on as I would. Then pleadings, as if for mercy, and shrieks and groans, followed each other in quick succession; and, brave as I supposed myself to be, my nerves began to tremble, and a cold sweat began to start upon my forehead. In vain I tried to reason that it could not be from supernatural causes; that the spirits of the departed are not allowed to revisit the earth. There were the effects, whatever the cause; and they were entirely beyond my comprehension.

"Was there ever a murder," I was about to ask, "committed in this house?" when I was interrupted by the screaming of the younger woman.

"Murder! O Heaven! have mercy upon me!"

At the same instant the light that stood upon the table was extinguished, though no one was near it; and the house shook, and the rappings were renewed with tenfold violence. Evidently, I thought, I had touched the key-note of the mystery, when I heard a terrible groan, and saw, or thought I saw (which was it?) a form rise through the floor, and stand directly in front of me.

"Was there ever a murder committed in this house?" I asked again; though I fairly shuddered at the trembling and unnatural sound of my voice.

"Murder! Look!—there he stands!" replied the mother, prostrating herself upon the floor, and hiding her face.

"It's his spirit!" groaned the old woman. "I told you he'd come."

Proof positive this to my mind that I was not mistaken—that others saw as I did. Spirit or mortal, there was somebody there. I closed my eyes, to be certain that it was not an optical delusion; and when I removed my hands and opened them again, it still stood there.

It was the form of an old man, with long gray hair, strongly marked features, deep-set eyes, of peculiarly cunning expression—fox-like, would be the most proper term; and in one hand he held a paper that rattled as if blown about by a strong wind. His head was uncovered, and his neck bare, and both were hacked and bleeding, great drops trickling down, and falling in a spatter upon the floor. Once or twice he opened his mouth as if to speak; but there was only a horrible gurgling sound—that which we call the death-rattle. How long we retained our relative positions I cannot tell. To me, it seemed an age. Stir I could not. I was completely under the power of the terrible fascination. At length, however, the ghost, spirit, call it what you will, appeared to step toward me, and stretch its hand as if to lay it upon my head. Then all my manhood deserted me. With a great groan, I shrank back, and fell upon the floor, my chair being lifted by unseen hands, and dashed down again, cracking in every joint.

Quickly reason came to my aid, and I rose, and looked anxiously around. Whatever there had been before, there was none in the room then except those of mortal mould; and all was silence, except the storm that was still raging without. I scraped open the embers, lit the candle, and looked at my watch. It was twelve o'clock. The young woman and the children were still huddled in a corner, and the old one rocking herself, as she had never ceased to, so far as I was aware.

"Would the spirit return?"

Without intending to do so, I had spoken my thoughts aloud; and the grandmother answered, "Not to-night, I think. You had better go to sleep, sir."

Sleep! I would have sooner thought of sleeping in a madhouse, with all the denizens free to attack me at any moment. I knew it was vain to ask questions. I had tried that before and failed; so I had nothing to do but to sit and ponder on what I had seen. But I was not to be allowed to remain without sensations. Scarcely half an hour passed without the "manifestations" being renewed in some shape. Now it was the howling of a dog; now the slamming of shutters and doors; now shrieks and groans; and now the knocking upon the floor. No wonder that I was sick and nervous when morning came, and gladly escaped from the haunted house, leaving the inmates, worn out with watching and fear, asleep upon the floor.

Somebody more familiar with spirits than I am must explain the matter. I cannot; but this I know, that if, in reality, it was the shade of a departed one, I trust never to see his power exercised again.

For many years the matter remained in my mind in just the state it was when I fled from the tumble-down house on the moor. Then circumstances made me visit the vicinity again, and I heard that other travelers had been similarly affected, and the matter had at length undergone judicial investigation. The house had been searched, the floor taken up, and two skeletons found there; one apparently an old man, and the other of a dog. Then it was remembered that an old miser, one Jones had suddenly disappeared; that the occupant of the house had about that time paid off a mortgage upon it, and subsequently hanged himself.

This was enough to satisfy the gossips; and, if rumor be true, never after the bones of the murdered man had been decently buried, were the inhabitants disturbed either by ghostly sights or sounds. To satisfy my curiosity, I rode by the house again; but it was unoccupied. The old woman, I was informed, was dead; the younger one had fled, fearing she would be arrested as an accomplice (as she without doubt was) and the children were wandering imbecile and homeless, driven, an old lady told me, "by the spirits."

Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

The Election in Minnesota.

Large Republican Losses.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 8.—Returns from the frontier counties are still behind. The vote of thirty-seven counties, most of them in full, leave Austin, for Governor, some 400 behind Otis. The fifteen counties yet to be heard from, two years ago, gave Marshall, Republican, for Governor, a majority of 726. The Democrats have elected, so far, twenty-one Representatives against nine last year; and eight Senators against six. This will reduce the Republican majority in the Senate from ten to six, and in the House twenty-nine to six, leaving twelve majority on joint ballot. It is possible that the official count will be necessary to decide who is Governor.

Jay Cook and William H. Seward are each owners of fifty thousand acres of land in Iowa, and Horatio Seymour owns twenty-five thousand acres in the same State.

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

Spicy Interview Between the President's Father and an Editor.

CINCINNATI, October 30, 1869.—The corner of Race and Fourth streets, of this city was thrown into a state of profound agitation by the startling appearance of the paternal author of the present Administration armed with a huge stick, and clad in war's wrinkled front, moving on the Commercial office. Nearly upsetting an apple-stand, knocking over a newsboy, and disregarding the barking of a Scotch terrier, he pushed into the counting-room, passed on in column to the editorial office of the chief, Mr. Halstead, and halted only when before and over that thoughtful and philosophical snatcher-up of unconsidered trifles called news.

With his hat jamed back upon his venerable head, and holding the huge stick over the skull of the Commercial in the most fearful manner, he demanded in a shrill voice:

"What do you mean Mr. Halstead? I demand to know, sir, what you mean?"

Halstead (with a look of innocent wonder upon that expansive stretch called the countenance): Mean about what, Mr. Grant?

Paternal G.: About your persistent and continuous attacks upon me and my son, sir. What do you mean, sir? (Two shakes of the stick to every word, and sixteen extra at the end.)

Halstead: I mean most probably what I said.

P. G.: That is no answer to my question, sir. I want to know, and I will know what you mean, sir?

Murat: Well sir, if there is any passage that is so obscure that you cannot make it out, I will be happy to assist you.

P. G.: Well, sir, you said no later than yesterday that my meddling in those petty offices is a great injury to General Grant. Now, what do you mean by that?

Murat: I doubt whether I can make it any plainer, Mr. Grant.

P. G.: And you won't tell me what you mean? How, sir—now how, I say?

Murat: The 'how' is about as troublesome as the 'mean.' I don't know what you are driving at, I said, and I say now, that for the father of the President to be meddling in things he knows nothing about is undignified, irritating, and an injury to the Administration. That's all.

P. G.: Know nothing about? And what do you mean by that, sir? I suppose you and that Dick Smith know all about it; a nice mess we'd have of it if you and Dick Smith had your way; a pretty thing you did when you recommended that S-h-a-w, sir—S-h-a-w, sir!

Murat: Well, about as well as you succeeded when you recommended that McGuire.

The P. G. hereupon suddenly collapsed. He sat down abruptly on a chair filled with valuable exchanges, crushing them under the Chief Magistrate's paternal seat, and clasping his cane fiercely between his venerable legs, he said:

P. G.: I want to tell you, Mr. Halstead, I have changed my mind about that man. I believe he is a rascal.

Murat: Very well then, sir, we will set off Tom Shaw against McGuire. But it strikes me that both you and I, Mr. Grant, had better refrain from troubling the Administration with our recommendations.

P. G.: But I want it to succeed.

Murat: Well, let it alone then.

P. G.: You let it alone, and don't you attack it. I know you—you and this *Gazette*. Why, you never was loyal. You always did oppose Lyssees.

Murat: Do I understand you to say, Mr. Grant, that at any time since the nomination of General Grant we opposed him?

P. G.: Certainly you did. Why, neither of you ever had his name at the head of your paper.

Murat (in wrath and disgust): That only proves your utter ignorance and incapacity. No name ever appears at the head of our columns but that of the proprietors of the paper. I am free to say to you that I never thought your son the man to make a President of; but I never meddled with the nomination, and after he was nominated we gave him a hearty support.

G. P.: Oh, yes, you; I know what you was after, you wanted that Rosycrantz, and a pretty out you'd a made. Why, he was a failure at Iuka, a failure at Chickamauga. He was a failure at West Point. I knew him when he was a boy, and I know'd he would be a failure.

Murat: You have the advantage of me there. I did not know him as a boy.

P. G.: No, you didn't know much at any time, and you must not speak disrespectful of my gray hairs (suddenly looking at Halstead, and then continuing): Why, I see I ain't as gray as you this minute.

Murat: I never spoke disrespectfully of your hairs, whatever they are; and I think it a little unkind you should in this manner refer to mine.

P. G. (with contempt): I don't care.—But you don't like my pitching into that Rosycrantz. It ain't your grey hairs; and I can tell you that it's a downright disgrace for the people of Ohio to send that feller Garfield to Congress while the Gen'l is in the cheer. He's another Rosycrantz feller; but I've fixed his flint for him, and I'll fix yours.

Murat: Very well. Now, Mr. Grant, if you'll please take another chair and let me get at my exchanges I'll be much obliged.

P. G.: Well, I've given you a piece of my mind, and if you go on I'll give you another. That's all.

And so ended the famous scene. Mr. Halstead was so singularly affected by that stick shaking that he has had a cold in his head ever since.

It is a matter of profound regret to the undersigned that the venerable Jessie did not hit Murat a whack with that stick. It would have been so jolly. Only think of the father of the Administration coming down on an editor with a stick. Then the man in Halstead would have risen up, and throwing his arms about the paternal author of the Administration, and by a dexterous back trip he would have prostrated the venerable father on his venerable back, and holding him there, he would have called in his minions to carry out the author of Lysses, and deposit him carefully in some sort of a vehicle bound for Covington, Ky. But, alas! we were deprived of this great enjoyment. X. L.

The Pacific Railroad Dispute.

On Saturday the Treasury Department paid to the Union Pacific railroad $437,000 in bonds for that portion of the road between the 1,020th mile-post and Ogden, at the 1,034th mile-post. The Union Pacific road now owns up to the latter point, but the remainder of the distance, between Ogden and Promontory Point, is still in dispute. It has not yet been settled whether the Union Pacific Company shall have that part of the road, or whether it shall be given to the Central Pacific.